

* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret⁴; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

‘How now? why look’st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

‘Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

* *Car.* God’s secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,

• The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The king swoons.]

‘*Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

* *Sam.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, open thine eyes!

* *Suf.* He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.

* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now⁵ to sing a raven’s note,

• Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

• By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

• Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

• Hide not thy poison with such sugar’d words.

• Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

• Their touch affrights me, as a serpent’s sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

* *I thank thee, Margaret;*] The folio reads—I thank thee, *Nell*; and Mr. Theobald, conceiving that “there can be no reason why the king should forget his own wife’s name,” reads—“*Well*, these words,” &c. which the subsequent editors too hastily adopted. Though the king could not well forget his wife’s name, either Shakespeare or the transcriber might. That *Nell* is not a mistake of the press for *Well* is clear from a subsequent speech of the *queen’s* in this scene, where *Eleanor*, the name of the Dutchess of Gloster, is again *three times* printed instead of *Margaret*. No reason can be assigned why the proper correction should be made in all those places, and not here. MALONE.

⁵ — *right now*—] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.

- * Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
 * Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
 * Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding :—
 * Yet do not go away ;—Come, basilisk *,
 * And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :
 * For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
 * In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
 2. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus ?
 * Although the duke was enemy to him,
 * Yet he, more christian-like, laments his death :
 * And for my self, — foe as he was to me,
 * Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 * Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 * I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 * Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs⁶,
 * And all to have the noble duke alive.
 * What know I how the world may deem of me ?
 * For it is known, we were but hollow friends ;
 * It may be judg'd, I made the duke away :
 * So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 * And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 * This get I by his death : Ah me, unhappy !
 * To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !
 * K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man !
 2. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is⁷.
 What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face ?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
 * What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf⁸ ?

* Be

* Come, basilisk, &c.] So Mantuanus, a writer very popular at this time :

" Natus in ardente Lydiæ basiliscus arena,

• " Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque nocet." MALONE.

6 — with blood-drinking sighs,] So, in another of Shakspeare's plays :

" — dry sorrow drinks my blood." MALONE.

7 Be woe for me,] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.

8 What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ?] This allusion which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and Psalm lviii. may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confeffione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x.

- * Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
- * Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
- * Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
- * Erect his statue then, and worship it,
- * And make my image but an ale-house sign.
- Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
- * And twice by aukward wind⁹ from England's bank
- * Drove back again unto my native clime?
- What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
- Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's print,
- * Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
- * What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
- * And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
- * And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
- * Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
- * Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
- * But left that hateful office unto thee:
- * The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
- * Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
- * With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:

“ A serpent, whiche that aspidis
 “ Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
 “ That he the stone noblest of all,
 “ The whiche that men carbuncle call,
 “ Bereth in his heed above on hight;
 “ For whiche whan that a man by sight
 “ (The stone to wyne, and him to dante)
 “ With his careste him wolde enchante,
 “ Anone as he perceiveth that,
 “ He leyeth downe his one eare all plat
 “ Unto the grounde, and halt it fast:
 “ And eke that other eare als faste
 “ He stoppeth with his taille so sore
 “ That be the wordes, lasse or more,
 “ Of his entibement he bereth:
 “ And in this wise him selfe he skiereth,
 “ So that he hath the wordes wayved,
 “ And thus his eare is nought deceived.”

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*: “Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice of any true decision.” STEEVENS.

9 —aukward wind—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

* The

- * The splitting rocks cowl'd in the sinking sands¹,
 * And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 * Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 * Might in thy palace perish Margaret².
 * As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 * When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
 * I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
 * And when the dusky sky began to rob
 * My earnest gazing sight of thy land's view,
 * I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 * A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 * And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd it;
 * And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
 * And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
 * And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
 * And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 * For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 * How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 * ('The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 * To fit and witch me³, as Ascanius did,
 * When he to madding Dido, would unfold
 * His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
 * Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
 * 'Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
 * For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

¹ *The splitting rocks, &c.*] The sense seems to be this.—The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS.

² *Might in thy palace perish Margaret.*] The verb *perish* is here used actively. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“——— let not my sins

“*Perish* your noble youth.” STEEVENS.

³ *To fit and witch me,*] The old copy has—*watch* me. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who observes that the poet forgot the passage in the *Æneid*, the history of the destruction of Troy being related to Dido, not by Ascanius, but *Æneas*.

It may be remarked, that this mistake was certainly the mistake of Shakspeare, whoever may have been the original author of the first sketch of this play; for this long speech of Margaret's is founded on one in the quarto, consisting only of seven lines, in which there is no allusion to Virgil. MALONE.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 ' That good duke Humphrey traiterously is murder'd
 ' By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
 ' The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
 ' That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 ' And care not who they sting in his revenge.
 ' Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 ' Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
 But how he died, God knows, not Henry⁴:

' Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 ' And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
 With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*Warwick goes into an inner room, and Salisbury retires.*]

* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my
 thoughts;

- * My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
- * Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
- * If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
- * For judgment only doth belong to thee!
- * Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
- * With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain⁵
- * Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
- * To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
- * And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
- * But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
- * And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
- * What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

⁴ — *not Henry:*] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *and to drain—*] This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water issue from it, he licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *disfilling*.

MALONE.

[*The*

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are opened, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed: WARWICK and Others standing by it*⁶.

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made;

* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;

* For seeing him, I see my life in death⁷.

* *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live

* With that dread King, that took our state upon him

* To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,

* I do believe that violent hands were laid

* Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

* What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

* *War.* See, how the blood is fettle in his face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost⁸,

“OF

⁶ This stage-direction I have inserted as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is—“Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and shews Duke Humphry in his bed.” In the folio: “A bed with Gloster’s body put forth.” These are some of the many circumstances which prove, I think, decisively, that the theatres of our author’s time were unfurnished with scenes. In those days, as I conceive, curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. The direction in the folio, “to put forth a bed,” was merely to the property-man to thrust a bed forwards behind those curtains, previous to their being drawn open. See the *Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

⁷ *For seeing him, I see my life in death.* I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death; I see my life expiring, or rather expired. The conceit is much in our author’s manner. So, in *Macbeth*: “—the death of each day’s life.” MALONE.

The poet’s meaning is, *I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* PERCY.

⁸ *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, &c.* All that is true of the body of a dead man, is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read:

Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspeare’s. JOHNSON.

A *timely-parted ghost* means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a
timeless

‘ Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
 ‘ Being all * descended to the labouring heart ;

simeless end. The opposition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words—“ As guilty of duke Humphrey’s *simeless* death.”

The corresponding lines appear thus in the quarto; by which, if the notion that has been already suggested, be well founded, the reader may see how much of this deservedly admired speech is original, and how much super-induced :

“ Oft have I seen a timely-parted *ghost*,
 “ Of ashy semblance, pale, and bloodless :
 “ But, lo ! the blood is settled in his face,
 “ More better coloured than when he liv’d.
 “ His well proportion’d beard made rough and stern ;
 “ His fingers spread abroad, as one that grasp’d
 “ For life, yet was by strength surpriz’d. The least
 “ Of these are probable. It cannot choose
 “ But he was murdered.”

In a subsequent passage, also in the original play, which Shakspeare has not transferred into his piece, the word *ghost* is again used as here. Young Clifford addressing himself to his father’s *dead body*, says,

“ O dismal sight ! see, where he breathless lies,
 “ All smear’d and welter’d in his luke-warm blood !
 “ Sweet father, to thy *murder’d ghost* I swear,” &c.

Our author therefore is not chargeable here with any impropriety, or confusion. He has only used the phraseology of his time. MALONE.

This is not the first time that Shakspeare has confounded the terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream* :

“ ——— damned *spirits* all,
 “ That in cross-ways and floods have *burial*.”

It is surely the *body* and not the *soul* that is committed to the earth, or whelm’d in the water. The word *ghost*, however, is licentiously used by our ancient writers. In Spenser’s *Faerie Queen*, B. II. c. viii. Sir *Guy* is in a swoon, and two knights are about to strip him, when the *Palmer* say :

“ — no knight so rude I weene,
 “ As to doen outrage to a sleeping *ghost*.”

Again, in the short copy of verses printed at the conclusion of the three first books of Spenser’s *Faerie Queen*, 1596 :

“ And grones of *buried ghosts* the heavens did perle.”

Again, in our author’s *K. Richard II* :

“ The *ghosts* they have depos’d.”

Again, in *Certain secret wonders of nature*, by Edward Fenton, 4to. bl. l. 1569 : “ — astonished at the view of the mortified *ghost* of him that lay dead.” STEEVENS.

* *Being all*—] That is, the blood being all descended, the substantive being comprized in the adjective *bloodless*. MASON.

‘ Who,

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the fame for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
 His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
 His well proportion'd beard^s made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
 The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
 Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's
 foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
 And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
 As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your
 knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;

^s *His well proportion'd beard—*] His beard nicely trim'd and adjust-
 ed. See Vol. V. p. 524, n. 2. MALONE.

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge :—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him ?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still ; with reverence may I say ;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour !
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy :
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men !

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence :

- * Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
- * And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

* *K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?

* Thrice

- * Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just * ;
- * And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
- * Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Mar. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

- * *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords ? your wrathful weapons drawn
- * Here in our presence ? dare you be so bold ?—
- * Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?
- Suf.* The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
- Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

- * *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart ; the king shall know your mind.—
- Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
- Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
- Or banished fair England's territories,
- * They will by violence tear him from your palace,
- * And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
- * They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died ;
- * They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;
- * And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
- * Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
- * As being thought to contradict your liking,—
- * Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
- * They say, in care of your most royal person,
- * That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
- * And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
- * In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
- * Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
- * Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
- * That slyly glided towards your majesty,
- * It were but necessary you were wak'd ;

- * [*Thrice is he arm'd, &c.*] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* :
- “ Come, Moor ; I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,
- “ The justice of my quarrel.” MALONE.

* Left,

- * Left, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
- * The mortal worm⁹ might make the sleep eternal:
- * And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
- * That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
- * From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
- * With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
- * Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
- * They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [within.] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign:
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how quaint an orator¹ you are:
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a fort² of tinkers to the king.

Commons [within.] An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

- * *K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
- * I thank them for their tender loving care:
- * And had I not been 'cited so by them,
- * Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
- * For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
- * Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
- * And therefore,—by his majesty I swear,
- * Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
- * He shall not breathe infection in this air³

⁹ *The mortal worm*—[Serpents in general, were anciently called worms. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander says when he takes off the aspicks from the young princes:

“How now, proud worms? how tastes yon princes' blood?”

STEEVENS.

Mortal is here, as in many other places, *deadly*. MALONE.

¹ — *how quaint an orator*—] *Quaint* for *dextrous*, *artificial*. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: “—a ladder *quaintly* made of cords.”

MALONE.

² — *a fort*—] Is a *company*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 490. n. 5. MALONE.

³ *He shall not breathe infection in this air*] That is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath. MALONE.

But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

* *Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

* *K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

* No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,

* Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

* Had I but said, I would have kept my word;

* But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—

* If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found

* On any ground that I am ruler of,

* The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

* Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

* I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

* *Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!

* Heart's discontent, and four affliction,

* Be play-fellows to keep you company!

* There's two of you; the devil make a third!

* And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

* *Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

* *Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

* Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

* *Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan*,

* I would invent as bitter searching terms,

* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

* With full as many signs of deadly hate,

* *Mischance and sorrow, &c.*] In the original play the queen is still more violent:

"Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you!" MALONE.

* *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave :
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink ?
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees ⁶ !
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings ⁷ !
 Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;
 And boding scritch-owls make the concert full !
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou torment'st thyself ;

- * And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
- * Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
- * And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

⁵ — *Poison be their drink !*] Most of these execrations are used, in the very words of Shakspeare, by Lee, in his *Caesar Borgia*, Act IV.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *a cypress tree !*] *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *murdering basilisks !—lizard's stings !*] It has been said of the *basilisk* that it had the power of destroying by a single glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. STEEVENS.

See p. 181, n. *. MALONE.

⁸ *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?*] This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves ; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage. JOHNSON.

* *Q. Mar.*

2. *Mar.* O, let me entreat thee cease*! Give me thy hand,

- * That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
- * Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
- * No wash away my woeful monuments.
- * O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand; [*kisses his hand.*]
- * That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
- * Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!*
- * So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
- * 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
- * As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
- * I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
- * Adventure to be banished myself:
- * And banished I am, if but from thee.
- * Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
- * O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
- * Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
- * Lother a hundred times to part than die.
- * Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

- * 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
- * A wilderness is populous enough,
- * So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
- * For where thou art, there is the world itself,
- * With every several pleasure in the world;
- * And where thou art not, desolation.

9 *O, let me entreat thee, &c.*] Instead of the first four lines of this speech, we find in the old play these, which Shakspeare has availed himself of elsewhere:

“No more, sweet Suffolk, bid thee hence to France;

“Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,

“I'll have an Irish [*Iris*] that shall find thee out.” MALONE.

10 *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,*

Through whom a thousand sighs, &c.] That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNSON.

See the song introduced in *Measure for Measure*:

“But my kisses bring again,

“Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in several places. There is no trace of it in the old play. MALONE.

- * I can no more :—Live thou to joy thy life ;
 * Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

‘ 2. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, pr'ythee?

‘ Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
 That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death :
 ‘ For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 ‘ That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
 ‘ Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 ‘ Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
 ‘ Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 * The secrets of his over-charged soul² :
 ‘ And I am sent to tell his majesty,
 ‘ That even now he cries aloud for him.

‘ 2. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit Vaux.]

‘ Ah me! what is this world? what news are these²?
 ‘ But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss³,
 ‘ Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 ‘ Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 ‘ And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
 ‘ Theirs for the earth's increase*, mine for my sorrows?

² And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets, &c.] The first of these lines is in the old play. The second is unquestionably our author's. The thought appears to have struck him; for he has introduced it again in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— Infected minds

“ To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.” MALONE.

² *Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?*] Instead of this line, the quarto reads:

Oh! what is worldly pomp? all men must die,

And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end. STEEVENS.

³ — *at an hour's poor loss,*] I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the queen intends to say, “Why do I lament a circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?” MALONE.

* — *for the earth's increase,*] See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

‘ Now,

* Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming;

* If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

* *Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:

* And in thy fight to die, what were it else,

* But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

* Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

* As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,

* Dying with mother's dug between its lips:

* Where, from thy fight⁴, I should be raging mad,

* And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

* To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

* So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul⁵,

* Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

* And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

* To die by thee, were but to die in jest;

* From thee to die, were torture more than death:

* O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

* *Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive⁶,

* It is applied to a deathful wound.

* To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;

* For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,

* I'll have an Iris⁷ that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask

⁴ Where, from thy fight,—] In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is used instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. MALONE.

⁵ —turn my flying soul,] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:

"See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

"Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul." STEEV.

⁶ Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced, *corfive*; and the metre shews that it ought to be so pronounced here. So, in *The Alchymist*, "*corfive waters*." Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"His son distressed, a *corfive* to his heart." MALONE.

⁷ I'll have an Iris,—] *Iris* was the messenger of Juno. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"———this distemper'd messenger of wet,

"The many-colour'd *Iris*,—". STEEVENS.

That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [Exeunt, severally.]

SCENE III.

London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.

Enter King HENRY³, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

* *Enter King Henry, &c.]* The quarto offers the following stage directions. *Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.* STEEVENS.

This description did not escape our author, for he has availed himself of it elsewhere. See the speech of Vaux in p. 194. MALONE.

* *How fares my lord, &c.]* This scene, and that in which the dead body of the duke of Gloster is described, are deservedly admired. Having already submitted to the reader the lines on which the former scene is founded, I shall now subjoin those which gave rise to that before us:

"*Car.* O death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole year,

"I'll give thee as much gold as will purchase such another island.

"*King.* O see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.

"Lord Cardinal, remember, Christ must have thy soul.

"*Car.* Why, dy'd he not in his bed?

"What would you have me to do then?

"Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

"Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison, which

"The 'pothecary sent me.

"O, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,

"And stares me in the face! Look; look; comb down his hair.

"So now, he's gone again. Oh, oh, oh.

"*Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

"*King.* Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heavenly bliss,

"Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to me.

[The Cardinal dies.]

"O see, he dies, and makes no sign at all.

"O God, forgive his soul!

"*Sal.* So bad an end did never none behold;

"But as his death, so was his life in all.

"*King.* Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear;

"For God will judge us all. Go take him hence,

"And see his funerals be perform'd." [Exeunt. MALONE.]

"*Car.*

* *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure¹,

* Enough to purchase such another island,

* So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

* When death's approach is seen so terrible!

* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

* Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

* Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?²—

* O! torture me no more, I will confesse.—

* Alive again? then shew me where he is;

* I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them*.—

* Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

¹ *If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, &c.]* The following passage in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 70, b. suggested the corresponding lines to the author of the old play: "During these doynges, Henry Beauford, byshop of Winchester, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde.—This man was—haut in stomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal; disdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous insatiabie and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor John Baker, his pryvie counsailler and his chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death bed, he said these words. 'Why should I dye, havynge so much riches? If the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by-ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my selfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceaied, then I thought my selfe able to be equal with kinges, and so thought to increaſe my treasure in hope to have worne a trypple croune. But I se nowe the worlde sayleth me, and so I am deceived; praying you all to pray for me.'" MALONE.

² *Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?* So, in *King John*:

"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

"Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

"Have I commandment on the pulse of life?" MALONE.

* *He hath no eyes, &c.]* So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,

"Which thou dost glare with."

- * Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
- * Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
- * Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
- * *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
- * Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
- * O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
- * That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
- * And from his bosom purge this black despair!
- * *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
- * *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
- * *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
- * Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
- * Hold up thy hand³, make signal of thy hope.—
- * He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
- * *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
- * *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all⁴.—
- * Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
- * And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt*⁵.

³ *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus in the old play of *King John*, 1591, Pandulph sees the king dying, and says:

“Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,

“*Lift up your hand*, in token you forgive.”

Again:

“*Lift up thy hand*, that we may witness here,

“Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ:—

“Now joy betide thy soul!” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.*—]

“*Peccantes culpare cave, nam laßimur omnes,*

“*Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est.*”

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Exeunt.*] This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.

JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I⁶.

Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea⁷. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and Others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen prisoners.

* *Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day⁸*

* *Is crept into the bosom of the sea;*

* *And*

⁶ The circumstance on which this scene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle:—"But fortune wold not that this flagitious person [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was banished from England for five years] shoulde so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolke, entendinge to be transported into France, he was encontered with a shippe of warre apperteinyng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called *the Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the same bark with small fight entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke-bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the head upon the fandes of Dover; which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde college in Suffolke, and there buried." MALONE.

⁷ *Firing heard at sea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonson was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morose in the *Silent Woman*. "Nay, I would fit out a play that were nothing but *fights at sea*, drum, trumpet, and target." STEEVENS.

⁸ *The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day,*] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

Remorseful is pitiful. See, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

"_____ a gentleman,

"Valiant, wise, *remorseful*, well accomplish'd."

The same idea occurs in *Macbeth* :

"Scarf up the tender eye of *pitiful day*." STEEVENS.

This speech is an amplification of the following one in the first part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. quarto, 1600 :

"Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yield ;

"Unlade their goods with speed, and *sink their ship*."

- * And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
- * That drag the tragick melancholy night;
- * Who with their drowfy, slow, and flagging wings
- * Clip dead men's graves⁹, and from their misty jaws
- * Breathe foul contagious darknes in the air.
- * Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
- * For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
- * Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
- * Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
- * Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
- * And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
- * The other, [*pointing to Suffolk.*] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
- * 1. *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.
- * *Mastr.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
- * *Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
- * *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
- * And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
- * Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;
- * The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

" Here master, this prisoner I give to you,

" This other the master's mate shall have;

" And Walter Whickmore, thou shalt have this man;

" And let them pay their ranfome ere they pass.

" *Suff.* Walter!"

[*he starteth.*]

Had Shakspeare's play been taken down by the ear, or an imperfect copy otherwise obtained, his lines might have been mutilated, or imperfectly represented; but would a new circumstance (like that of *sinking Suffolk's ship*) not found in the original, have been *added* by the copyist?—On the other hand, if Shakspeare new modelled the work of another, such a circumstance might will be *omitted*. MALONE.

9 ——— the jades

That drag the tragick melancholy night,

Who with their drowfy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves,]

The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakspeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 505, n. 8. MALONE.

* Cannot

- * Cannot be counter-pois'd¹ with such a petty sum.
 * 1. *Gent.* I'll give it, fir; and therefore spare my life.
 * 2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
 * *Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [to *Suf.*
 * And so should these, if I might have my will.
 * *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
 * *Suf.* Look on my George², I am a gentleman;
 * Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
 * *Whit.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
 * How now? why start'st thou? what doth death affright?
 * *Suf.* Thy name affrights me³, in whose sound is death.
 * A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 * And told me—that by *Water* I should die⁴:
 * Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
 * Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
 * *Whit.* *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
 * Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name*,

* But

¹ Cannot be counterpois'd—] I suspect that a line has been lost, preceding—"The lives of those," &c. and that this speech belongs to *Whitmore*; for it is inconsistent with what the captain says afterwards. The word *cannot* is not in the folio. The old play affords no assistance. The word now added is necessary to the sense, and is a less innovation on the text than what has been made in the modern editions—*Nor can those lives*, &c. MALONE.

² Look on my George,] In the first edition it is *my ring*. WARRBURT. Here we have another proof of what has been already so often observed. A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded either by the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ransom of each of *Suffolk's* companions is a hundred pounds, but here a thousand crowns. MALONE.

³ Thy name affrights me—] But he had heard his name before, without being startled by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has configned him to "*Walter Whickmore*," *Suffolk* immediately exclaims, *Walter!* *Whickmore* asks him, why he fears him, and *Suffolk* replies, "It is thy name affrights me."—Our author has here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. MALONE.

⁴ — by *Water*—] See the fourth scene of the first act of this play.

STEEVENS.

* Ne'er yet did base dishonour, &c.] This and the following lines are founded on these two in the old play:

"And therefore ere I merchant-like sell blood for gold,

"Then cast me headlong down into the sea."

The

- ' But with our sword we wip'd away the blot ;
 ' Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 ' Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
 ' And I proclaim'd a coward through the world !

[*lays hold on Suffolk*].

' *Suf.* Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

' *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags !

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke ;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I ?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

' *Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain⁶, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,

' Must not be shed by such a jaded groom⁷.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop ?

' Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

' And thought thee happy when I shook my head ?

' How often hast thou waited at my cup,

' Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

The new image which Shakspeare has introduced into this speech,
" — my arms torn and defac'd," — is found also in *King Richard II* :

" From my own windows torn my household coat,

" Raz'd out my imprese ; leaving me no sign, —

" Save men's opinions, and my living blood, —

" To shew the world I am a gentleman."

See the notes on that passage, Vol. V. p. 51, n. 7, and 8. MALONE.

⁵ *Jove sometime went disguis'd, &c.*] This verse is omitted in all but the first old edition, [quarto, 1600,] without which what follows is not sense. The next line also,

Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,

was falsely put in the Captain's mouth. POPE.

⁶ — lowly swain,] The folio reads—*lowly* swain. STEEVENS.

The quarto *lowly*. In a subsequent passage the folio has the word right :

By such a *lowly* vassal as thyself.

Lowly was undoubtedly an error of the press. MALONE.

⁷ — a jaded groom.] I suppose he means a low fellow, fit only to attend upon horses ; which in our author's time were frequently termed *jades*. The original play has *jady*, which conveys this meaning (the only one that the words seem to afford,) more clearly, *jaded* being liable to an equivocal. MALONE.

' When

- ' When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
 * Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
 * Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride⁸:
 * How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
 * And duly waited for my coming forth?
 ' This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 ' And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue⁹.
 * *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
 * *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
 * *Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
 * *Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
 ' Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
 ' Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 ' Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 ' Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

⁸ — *abortive pride*:] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *charm thy riotous tongue*.] i. e. restrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be silent. See Vol. III. p. 320, n. 3, and Mr. Steevens's note in *Othello*, Act V. sc. ult. where Iago uses the same expression. It occurs frequently in the books of our author's age. MALONE.

⁹ *Cap. Yes, Poole.*

Suf. Poole?] These two little speeches are found in the quarto, but not in the folio. It is clear from what follows that these speeches were not intended to be rejected by Shakspeare, but accidentally omitted at the press. I have therefore restored them. See p. 202, n. 5.

MALONE.

I think the two intermediate speeches should be inserted in the text, to introduce the captain's repetition of *Poole*, &c. STEEVENS.

¹ *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The dissimilarity of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole*, kennel, puddle. JOHNSON.

In the old play the reply of the captain is—

"Yea, Poole, puddle, kennell, sink and dirt." MALONE.

- * For swallowing⁹ the treasure of the realm :
- * Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground ;
- * And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
- * Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain¹,
- * Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again :
- * And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
- * For daring to affy² a mighty lord
- * Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
- * Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
- * By devilish policy art thou grown great,
- * And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
- * With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
- * By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France :
- * The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
- * Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
- * Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
- * And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
- * The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
- * Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
- * As hating thee, are rising³ up in arms :
- * And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
- * By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
- * And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
- * Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
- * Advance our half-fac'd sun⁴, striving to shine,
- * Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
- * The commons here in Kent are up in arms :

⁹ For *swallowing*—] He means, perhaps, so as to prevent thy swallowing, &c. So, in the *Puritan*, 1607 : “—he is now in huckster's handling for running away.” I have met with many other instances of this kind of phraseology. The more obvious interpretation, however, may be the true one. MALONE.

¹ — *shalt grin in vain*,] From hence to the end of this speech is undoubtedly the original composition of Shakspeare, no traces of it being found in the elder play. MALONE.

² — *to affy*—] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. STEEVENS.

³ — *are rising*—] Old Copy—*and rising*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ — *whose hopeful colours*
Advance our half-fac'd sun,] “Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.” Camden's *Remaines*. MALONE.

* And,

- And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee :—Away ! convey him hence.
 * *Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
 * Small things make base men proud : ‘ this villain here,
 ‘ Being captain of a pinnace⁵, threatens more
 ‘ Than *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian pirate⁶.
 ‘ Drones suck not eagles’ blood, but rob bee-hives.
 ‘ It is impossible, that I should die
 ‘ By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 ‘ Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me* :
 ‘ I go of message from the queen to France ;
 ‘ I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
 ‘ *Cap.* Walter,—
 ‘ *Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

⁵ *Being captain of a pinnace,*] A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war’s boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in *Winwood’s Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118 : “ The king (James I.) naming the great ship, *Trade’s Increase* ; and the prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her) *Pepper-corn*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*] “ *Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit,*” Cicero *de Officiis*, lib. ii. cap. 11. WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him “ *Bargulus*, a pirate upon the see of Illiry ;” and Nicholas Grimald, about twenty-three years afterwards, “ *Bargulus*, the Illyrian robber.”

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto, but we meet with another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk,

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
 The great Macedonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope’s Web*, 1601 : “ *Abradas*, the great Macedonian pirate, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean.” STEEVENS.

Here we see another proof of what has been before suggested. See p. 153, n. 3 ; and p. 201, n. 2. MALONE.

* *Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me :*] This line Shakspeare has injudiciously taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk ; for what *remorse*, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to shew to his assailant ; whereas the Captain might with propriety say to his captive,—thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my compassion. MALONE.

* *Suf.*

* *Suf. Pene gelidus timor occupat artus*⁷:—'tis thee I
I fear.

* *Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

* What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

* *1. Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

* *Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

* Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

* Far be it, we should honour such as these

* With humble suit: no, rather let my head

* Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

* Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

* And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

* Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

* True nobility is exempt from fear:—

* More can I bear, than you dare execute⁸.

* *Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

* *Suf.* Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can⁹,

* That

7 *Pene gelidus timor occupat artus*:] The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—*Pine*, &c. a corruption, I suppose, of the word that I have substituted in its place. I know not what other word could have been intended. The editor of the second folio, and all the modern editors, have escaped the difficulty, by suppressing the word. The measure is of little consequence, for no such line, I believe, exists in any classic author. Dr. Grey refers us to "*Ovid de Trist.* 313, and *Metamorph.* 247:" a very wide field to range in; however with some trouble I found out what he meant. The line is *not* in Ovid; (nor I believe in any other poet;) but in his *De Tristibus*, lib. 1. El. iii. 113, we find

Navita, confessus gelido pallore timorem,—

and in his *Metamorph.* Lib. IV. 247, we meet with these lines:

Ille quidem gelidos radorum viribus artus,

Si queat, in vivum tentat revocare calorem. MALONE.

8 *More can I bear, than you dare execute.*] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

"——I am able now, methinks,

"(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,) "

"To endure more miseries, and greater far,

"Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *Otello*:

"Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,

"As I have to be hurt." MALONE.

* *Come soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.*] In the folio this line is given the Captain by the carelessness of the printer or transcriber. The present regulation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and followed by Dr. Warburton. See the latter part of note 5, p. 202. MALONE.

Surely this line belongs to Suffolk. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation;

‘ That this my death may never be forgot !—

‘ Great men oft die by vile bezonians⁹ :

‘ A Roman sworder¹ and banditto slave

‘ Murder’d sweet Tully ; Brutus’ bastard hand²

‘ Stabb’d Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders,

‘ Pompey the great³ : and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* *SUF.* *with Whitmore and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart :—

‘ Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter *WHITMORE*, *with Suffolk’s body.*

‘ *Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,

decollation ; and without such an introduction, there is an obscure abruptness in the beginning of his reply to the captain. *STEEVENS.*

⁹ — *bezonians.*] *Bisogno*, is a mean low man. So, in Markham’s *English Husbandman*, p. 4: “ The ordinary tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen ; in France peasants, in Spaine *besonyans*, and generally the cloutshoe.” See Vol. V. p. 429, n. 8. *STEEVENS.*

¹ *A Roman sworder, &c.*] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. *STEEVENS.*

² — *Brutus’ bastard band*—] Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar. *STEEVENS.*

³ *Pompey the great ;*] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. *JOHNSON.*

This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable. *STEEVENS.*

Pompey being killed by Achilles and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat in which they were, reached the coast, and his head being thrown into the sea, (a circumstance which Shakspeare found in North’s translation of Plutarch) his mistake does not appear more extraordinary than some others which have been remarked in his works.

It is remarkable that the introduction of Pompey was among Shakspeare’s additions to the old play : This may account for the classical error, into which probably the original author would not have fallen. In the quarto the lines stand thus :

“ A sworder, and banditto slave

“ Murdered sweet Tully ;

“ Brutus’ bastard hand stabb’d Julius Cæsar,

“ And Suffolk dies by pirates on the seas.” *MALONE.*

‘ Until

* Until the queen his mistress bury it*.

[Exit.

* 1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

* His body will I bear unto the king:

* If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

* So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit, with the body.

SCENE II.

Blackheath:

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

* *Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword*, though made of
* a lath; they have been up these two days.

* *John.* They have the more need to sleep now then.

* *Geo.* I tell thee*, Jack Cade the clothier means to
* dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new
* nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well,
I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentle-
men came up.

* *Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
* handicrafts-men.

* *John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather a-
* prons.

* *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good work-
* men.

* *John.* True; And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vo-

* *There let his head, &c.*] Instead of this speech the quarto gives us
the following:

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the queen,

And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,

To see it safe delivered unto her. STEEVENS.

See p. 205, n. 6, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

* — *get thee a sword,*] The quarto reads—Come away Nick, and
put a long staff in thy pike, &c. STEEVENS.

So afterwards, instead of "Cade the clothier," we have in the quarto
"Cade the dyer of Ashford." See the notes above referred to. MALONE.

* *I tell thee,*—] In the original play this speech is introduced more
naturally. Nick asks George "Sirra George, what's the matter?"
to which George replies, "Why marry, Jack Cade, the dyer of Ashford
here," &c. MALONE.

* cation:

* cation : which is as much to say, as,—let the magistrates
* be labouring men ; and therefore should we be magi-
* strates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it : for there's no better sign of a
* brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's son,
* the tanner of Wingham ;—

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make
* dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher ?,—

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniqui-
* ty's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver :—

* *Geo.* Argo, their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the
weaver, and others in great number.

* *Cade.* We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed
* father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings⁸. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* —for our enemies shall fall before us⁹, inspired
* with

⁷ And Dick the butcher,—] In the first copy thus :

“ Why there's Dick the butcher, and Robin the sadler, and Will
that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and
Gregory that should have your parnell, and a great sort more, is come from
Rochester and from Maidstone, and Canterbury, and all the towns here-
abouts, and we must all be lords, or squires, as soon as Jack Cade is king.”

See p. 127, n. 2 ; p. 133, n. 3 ; p. 201, n. 2 ; and p. 205, n. 6.

MALONE.

⁸ — a cade of herrings.] That is, a barrel of herrings. I suppose
the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted. JOHNSON.

Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against
a cade of herrings, and says, “ That the rebel Jacke Cade was the
first that devised to put redde herrings in *cades*, and from him they
have their name.” *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. STEEVENS.

⁹ — our enemies shall fall before us,] He alludes to his name *Cade*,
from *cado*, Lat. to fall. He has too much learning for his character.

JOHNSON.

We John Cade, &c.] This passage, I think, should be regulated thus :
Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, for our ene-
mies shall fall before us ;—

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. Inspired with the spirit, &c. TYRWHITT.

‘with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—
‘Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man,* and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*

‘*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

‘*Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

‘*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar’s daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

‘*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her ‘furr’d pack’, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

‘*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage*.

[*Aside.*

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus:

Cade. I John Cade, so named for my valiancy,—

Dick. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.

The transposition recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt is so plausible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But Dick’s quibbling on the word *of* (which is used by Cade, according to the phraseology of our author’s time, for *by*, and as employed by Dick signifies—*on account of*,) is so much in Shakspeare’s manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words “Or rather of stealing,” &c. be postponed to—“For our enemies shall fall before us,” Dick then, as at present, would assert—that Cade is not so called on account of his enemies falling before him, but on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correspond sufficiently with the old play; but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakspeare, would be destroyed. Cade, as the speeches stand in the folio, proceeds to assign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what Dick has said. MALONE.

‘—*furr’d pack*,] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

In the original play the words are—“and now being not able to occupy her furred pack,”—under which perhaps “more was meant than meets the ear.” MALONE.

* —*but the cage*.] A cage was formerly a term for a prison. See Minshew, in v. We yet talk of jail-birds. MALONE.

Dick.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*]

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops³; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grafs. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money⁴; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing⁵, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis

² — *for his coat is of proof.*] A quibble between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well tried*, that is, long worn. HANMER.

— *the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops;*] See Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more." It appears from a passage in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, that "burning of cans" was one of the offices of a city magistrate. I suppose he means such as were not of statutable measure. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *there shall be no money;*] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Is not this a lamentable thing, &c.*] This speech was transposed by Shakpeare, it being found in the old play in a subsequent scene, MALONE.

the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies*.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations⁶, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.
—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters⁷;—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy

* *We took him, &c.*] We must suppose that Smith had taken the Clerk some time before, and left him in the custody of those who now bring him in. In the old play *Will* the *waiter* enters with the Clerk, though he has not long before been conversing with Cade. Perhaps it was intended that Smith should go out after his speech—ending, “for his coat is of proof:” but no *Exit* is marked in the old copy. It is a matter of little consequence.—It is, I think, most probable that *Will* was the true name of this character, as in the old play, (so *Dick*, George, John, &c.) and that *Smith*, the name of some low actor, has crept into the folio by mistake. MALONE.

⁶ — obligations,] That is, bonds. MALONE.

⁷ — on the top of letters;] i. e. of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*. WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V. containing the honourable Battell of Agincourt*, I find the same circumstance. The archbishop of Burges (i. e. Bruges) is the speaker, and addresses himself to king Henry:

“ I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe

“ Conduct, under your broad seal Emanuel.”

The king in answer says:

“ ——— deliver him safe conduct

“ Under our broad seal Emanuel.” STEEVENS.

* name?

' name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

' *Al.* He hath confes'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

' *Cade.* Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

' *Mich.* Where's our general?

' *Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

' *Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

' *Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

' *Mich.* No.

' *Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him^s.

Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD, and William his Brother, with drum and forces.

* *Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

' *Cade.* As for these filken-coated slaves, I pass not⁹;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,

^s — *have at him.*] After this speech the old play has the following words:

— Is there any more of them that be knights?

Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; rise up sir Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum.

See p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

⁹ — *I pass not;*] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cyntbia*:

“ Transform me to what shape you can,

“ I pass not what it be.” STEEVENS.

SECOND PART OF

* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

* *Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plaisterer;

* And thou thyself, a sheerman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

* *W. Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

* *Staf.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

* *Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true;

* The elder of them, being put to nurse,

* Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

* And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

* Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:

* His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

* *Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,

* That speaks he knows not what?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]

Go to, firrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

* *Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

* *Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England

* maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puis-

* sance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that

* —is England maim'd.] The folio has—*main'd*. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, sure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the same conceit; C. W. 1595:

"Anjou and Maine, the maim that foul appears—," MALONE.

* lord

* Lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth², and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

* *Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

* *Gad.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to them, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
* Assail them with the army of the king.

* *Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
* Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
* That those, which fly before the battle ends,
* May, even in their wives' and children's fight,
* Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
* And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and forces.*]

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

* Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;

* For they are thrifty honest men, and such

* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most
* out of order. Come, march forward³. [*Exeunt.*]

² — *batb gelded the common-wealth,*] Shakspeare hath here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*; “*Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam.*” The character of the speaker, however, may countenance such indelicacy. In other places our author, less excuseably, talks of *gelding* purses, patrimonies, and continents.

STEEVENS.

This peculiar expression is Shakspeare's own, not being found in the old play. In *K. Richard II.* Rofs says that Henry of Bolingbroke has been—

“Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.”

So Cade here says, that the commonwealth is bereft of what it before possessed, namely, certain provinces in France. MALONE.

³ *Come, march forward.*] In the first copy, instead of this speech, we have only—Come, Sirs, *St. George for us, and Kent.* See p. 153, n. 3; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

SECOND PART OF SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter; and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

* *Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

* *Dick.* Here, sir.

* *Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
* thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
* slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—
* The Lent shall be as long again as it is⁴; and thou
* shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

* *Dick.* I desire no more.

* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.
* This monument of the victory will I bear⁵; and the bo-
* dies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come
* to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne
* before us.

* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open
* the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
* march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the duke of BUCKINGHAM, and lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,
* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

⁴ — as long again as it is;] The word *again*, which was certainly omitted in the folio by accident, was restored from the old play, by Mr. Steevens, on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

⁵ This monument of the victory will I bear;] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:

“Jack Cade, upon victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London.” STEEVENS.

* But

- * But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
- * Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
- * But where's the body that I should embrace?
- * *Jack*. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?
- * *K. Hen*. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
- * For God forbid, so many simple souls
- * Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
- * Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
- * Will parly with Jack Cade their general.—
- * But stay, I'll read it over once again.
- * *Q. Mar*. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
- * Rul'd, like a wandering planet⁶, over me;
- * And could it not enforce them to relent,
- * That were unworthy to behold the same?
- * *K. Hen*. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
- * *Say*. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

⁶ — to the rebels' supplication?] “And to the intent that the cause of this glorious capitaynes coming thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsayll, he sent to him an humble *supplication*,—affirming his coming not be against him, but against divers of his counsayll,” &c. Hall, Henry VI. fol. 77. MALONE.

⁷ I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:] Here, as in some other places, our author has fallen into an inconsistency, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. In the old play, the king says not a word of sending any *bishop* to the rebels; but says, he will himself come and parly with them, and in the mean while orders *Clifford* and *Buckingham* to gather an army and to go to them. See p. 218, n. 9. Shakspeare, in new modelling this scene, found in Holinshed's Chronicle the following words: “—to whome [*Cade*] were sent from the king, the *Archbishop of Canterbury* and *Humphrey duke of Buckingham*, to common with him of his griefs and requests.” This gave birth to the line before us; which our author afterwards forgot, having introduced in scene viii. only *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, *conformably to the old play*. MALONE.

⁸ Rul'd, like a wandering planet,] Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

The old play led Shakspeare into this strange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in the presence of her husband! MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love*, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

* *Mes.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
* Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
* Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
* And calls your grace usurper, openly,
* And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
* His army is a ragged multitude
* Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
* Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
* All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
* They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do.

* *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
* Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
* Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.
* *Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;
* The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
* And therefore in this city will I stay,
* And live alone as secret as I may.

* *I fear, my love,]* The folio has here—I fear *me*, love, which is certainly sense; but as we find “my love” in the old play, and these lines were adopted without retouching, I suppose the transcriber's ear deceived him. MALONE.

9 — *what they do.*] Instead of this line, in the old copy we have—
“Go, bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
“An army up, and meet with the rebels.” MALONE.

Enter

Enter another Messenger.

- * 2. *Mef.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens
- * Fly and forsake their houses;
- * The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
- * Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
- * To spoil the city, and your royal court.
- * *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.
- * *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
- * *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
- * *K. Hen.* Farewel, my lord; [*to Lord Say.*] trust not the Kentish rebels.
- * *Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.
- * *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,
- * And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, and Others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1. *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them myself, The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Gough: Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

1 — be *betray'd.*] *Be*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

SECOND PART OF SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, and his followers. He strikes by staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there³. *[They kill him.]*

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you

* Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire⁴; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough⁵ is slain.

Cade. So, firs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the fans of court; down with them all.

Dick.

² *Knock him down there.*] So, Holinshed, p. 634: "He also put to execution in Southwark diverse persons, some for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraile his base linage, disparaging him for his usurped surname of Mortimer."

STEEVENS.

³ — *set London bridge on fire;*] At that time London-bridge was made of wood. "After that, (says Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the draw-bridge." The houses on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished. MALONE.

⁴ — *Matthew Gough—*] "A man of great wit and much experience

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth⁵.

John. Mafs, 'twill be fore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

[*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; * he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens⁶, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—

ence in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father." Holinshed, p. 635.

STEEVENS.

5 —that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.] This alludes to what Holinshed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. "It was reported indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands on his lips, that within four daies all the lawes of England should come forth of his mouth." TYRWHITT.

6 —one and twenty fifteens,] "This capteine [Cade] assured them —if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad counsellours, that neither *fifteens* should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of." Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 632. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject. MALONE.

' Ah,

* Ah, thou say, thou serge⁷, nay, thou buckram lord!
 * now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.
 * What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up
 * of Normandy unto mounſieur Baſimecu⁸, the dauſhin of
 * France? Be it known unto thee by theſe preſence, even
 * the preſence of lord Mortimer, that I am the ſon that
 * muſt ſweep the court clean of ſuch filth as thou art.
 * Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the
 * realm, in erecting a grammar-ſchool: and whereas,
 * before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the ſcore
 * and the tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be uſed⁹;
 * and,

⁷ — *thou ſay, thou ſerge,*] It appears from Minſheu's Dict. 1617, that *ſay* was a kind of ſerge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a conſiderable manufactory of *ſay* at Sudbury near Colecheſter. This ſtuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet uſed by ſome mechanicks in aprons. MALONE.

⁸ — *mounſieur Baſimecu,*] Shakspeare probably wrote *Baiſfermycu*, or, by a deſigned corruption, *Baſemycu*, in imitation of his original, where alſo we find a word half French, half Engliſh,—“*Monſier Buſſminecu*.” MALONE.

⁹ — *printing to be uſed;*] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have been led into this miſtake by Daniel, in the fifth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

“ Let there be found two fatal inſtruments,
 “ The one to publiſh, th’ other to defend
 “ Impious contention, and proud diſcontents;
 “ Make that *inſtamped characters* may ſend
 “ Abroad to thouſands thouſand men’s intents;
 “ And, in a moment, may diſpatch much more
 “ Than could a world of pens perform before.”

Shakspeare’s abſurdities may always be countenanced by thoſe of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervafe Markham and William Sampſon, who were both ſcholars, is the following paſſage:

“ Though *cannons* roar, yet you muſt not be deaf.”

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn’d a caſtle at the ſame period “with cloth of Arras and of *Tours*.” Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has obſerved) Salvator Roſa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holoferneſs.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Meerman in his *Origines Typographiæ* hath availed himſelf of this

* and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity *,
 * thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy
 * face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk
 * of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as
 * no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appoint-
 * ed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about
 * matters they were not able to answer¹. Moreover, thou
 * hast put them in prison; and, because they could not
 * read, thou hast hang'd them²; when, indeed, only for
 * that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost
 * ride on a foot-cloth³, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a
 cloak⁴, when honest men than thou go in their hose and
 doublets.

* Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for
 * example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

* Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*⁵.

* Cade.

this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing
 was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederick
 Corfellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI.

BLACKSTONE.

* — *contrary to the king, his crown, &c.*] “Against the peace of
 the said lord the now king, his crown, and dignity,” is the regular
 language of indictments. MALONE.

¹ — *to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to
 answer.*] The old play reads, with more humour,—“to hang honest
 men that steal for their living.” MALONE.

² — *because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them;*] That is,
 they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

JOHNSON.

³ *Thou dost ride on a footcloth,*] A *footcloth* was a kind of housings,
 which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It
 was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. MALONE.

⁴ — *to let thy horse wear a cloak,*] This is a reproach truly charac-
 teristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of man-
 kind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceeds
 thus:

* Cade.

* *Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he speaks
 * Latin.

* *Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you
 will.

* Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,
 * Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle⁶;
 * Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
 * The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
 * Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
 * I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
 * Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
 * Justice with favour have I always done;
 * Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
 * When have I aught exacted at your hands,
 * Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
 * Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
 * Because my book preferr'd me to the king⁷:

* And

" *Cade.* Bonum terrum, what's that?

" *Dick.* He speaks French.

" *Will.* No, 'tis Dutch.

" *Nick.* No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough."

Holinshed has likewise stigmatized the Kentish men, p. 677. "The Kentish-men, in this season (whose minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) came," &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:*] So, in *Cæsar's Comment. B. V.* "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt." The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590. "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentishfolke." STEEVENS.

So, in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580, a book which the author of the *Whole Contention*, &c. probably, and Shakspeare certainly, had read: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentishmen are the civilest." MALONE.

⁷ *When have I aught exacted at your hands,*

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king.]

This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] so as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the king. This is not very clear; and besides he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

When

- And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
 * Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
 * Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
 * You cannot but forbear to murder me.
 * This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings
 * For your behoof!—
 * *Cade.* 'Tis! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?
 * *Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I
 struck
 * Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
 * *Geo* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks!
 * *Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your
 good^s.
 * *Cade.* Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make
 'em red again.
 * *Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
 * Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
 * *Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
 * help of a hatchet^s.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,

But to maintain the king, the realm, and you? JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands [in the folio], not only declares he had preferred men of learning to maintain *Kent, the king, the realm*, but adds tautologically *you*; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent*: to maintain, &c. i. e. *strenuously resolved to the utmost, to, &c.* STEEVENS.

The punctuation to which Dr. Johnson alludes, is that of the folio:

When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,

Large gifts, have I bestow'd on learned clerks, &c.

I have pointed the passage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonsense. I suspect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption. MALONE.

^s — for *watching*—] That is, in consequence of watching. So Sir John Davies.

“And shuns it still, although for thirst she die.”

The second folio and all the modern editions read—*with watching*,
 MALONE.

9 — *and the help of a hatchet.*] I suppose, to cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article (*a hatchet*) was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

- * *Dick*. Why dost thou quiver, man¹ ?
 * *Say*. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me ?
 * *Cade*. Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say, I'll be
 * even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steeper
 * on a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.
 * *Say*. Tell me, wherein have I offended most ?
 * Have I affected wealth, or honour ; speak ?
 * Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?
 * Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?
 * Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ?
 * These hands are free from guileless blood-shedding²,
 * This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
 * O, let me live !
 * *Cade*. I feel remorse in myself with his words : but
 * I'll bridle it ; he shall die, and it be but for pleading so
 * well for his life³. Away with him ! he has a familiar⁴
 * under his tongue⁴ ; he speaks not o' God's name. Go,
 * take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently ;
 * and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James
 * Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both
 * upon two poles hither.
 * *All*. It shall be done.

¹ *Why dost thou quiver, man ? &c.*] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preserved* :

" *Spinosa*. You are trembling, sir.

" *Renault*. 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,

" Full of decay and natural infirmities." STEEVENS.

² *These hands are free from guileless blood-shedding*,] I formerly imagined that the word *guileless* was misplaced, and that the poet wrote—

These hands are guileless, free from blood-shedding.

But charge is unnecessary. *Guileless* is not an epithet to *blood-shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guileless* or *innocent* blood. So, in *K. Henry VIII* :

" For then my *guileless* blood must cry against them." MALONE.

³ — *he shall die, and it be but for pleading so well for his life*.] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a familiar under his tongue* ;] A *familiar* is a demon who was supposed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" Love is a *familiar* ; there is no angel but love." STEEVENS.

* *Say*.

- * Say. Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers,
 * God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
 * How would it fare with your departed souls ?
 * And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
 * Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

* The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on
 * his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute ; there shall not
 * a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-
 * head ere they have it⁵ : Men shall hold of me *in capite*⁶ ;
 * and we charge and command, that their wives be as
 * free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell^{*}.

* Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and
 * take up commodities upon our bills⁷ ?

* Cade.

⁵ — *shall pay to me her maidenhead, &c.*] Alluding to an ancient usage on which B. and Fletcher have founded their play called the *Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

See Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHIA, 8vo, 1681, in v. *Marcbeta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A.D. 1057. MALONE.

Blount's account of this custom has received the sanction of several eminent antiquaries ; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom. See *Annals of Scotland*. Judge Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, is of opinion it never prevailed in *England*, though he supposes it certainly did in *Scotland*. REED.

⁶ — *in capite* ;] This equivocate, for which the author of the old play is answerable, is too learned for Cade. MALONE.

* — *or tongue can tell.*] After this, in the old play, Robin enters to inform Cade that London bridge is on fire and Dick enters with a serjeant ; i. e. a bailiff ; and there is a dialogue consisting of seventeen lines, of which Shakspeare has made no use whatever. MALONE.

⁷ — *take up commodities upon our bills* ?] Perhaps this is an equivocate alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

Thus, in the original play :

" Nick. But when shall we take up those commodities which
 " you told us of ?

" Cade. Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall take up
 " these commodities following : Item, a gown, a kirtle, a pet-
 "ticoat, and a smocke."

If the *Whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect transcript of Shakspeare's Second and Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* (as it

* *Cade.* Marry, presently.

* *All.* O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his son-in-law.

* *Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another^s; for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, deliver the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his rabblement.

* *Cade.* Up Fish-street! down saint Magnus' corner!
* kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—

[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*]

* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound
* retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, with forces.

* *Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:
* Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

has hitherto been supposed to be,) we have here another extraordinary proof of the *inventive* faculty of the transcriber.—It is observable that the equivocal which Dr. Percy has taken notice of, is *not* found in the old play, but is found in Shakspeare's *Much ado about nothing*:

“*Ber.* We are *liberty* to prove a goodly commodity, being taken
“ up of these men's bills.

“*Con.* A commodity in question, I warrant you.”

See Vol. II. p. 262. MALONE.

* *Let them kiss one another*;] This is from the *Mirour for Magistrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade*:

“With these two heads I made a pretty play,

“For pight on poles I bore them through the strete,

“And for my sport made *each kisse other swete*.” FARMER.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634: “—and as it were in a spite caused them in every street to *kisse* together.” STEEVENS.

So also in Hall, Henry VI. folio 78. MALONE.

* Unto

' Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled ;
 ' And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
 ' That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.
 ' *Clif.* What say ye, countrymen ? will ye relent,
 ' And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you ;
 ' Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?
 ' Who love the king, and will embrace his pardon,
 ' Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty !
 ' Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
 ' Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
 ' Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

' *All.* God save the king ! God save the king !

' *Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so
 ' brave ?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him ?
 ' will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about
 ' your necks ? Hath my sword therefore broke through
 ' London gates, that you should leave me at the White-
 ' hart in Southwark ? I thought, ye would never have
 ' given out these arms, till you had recover'd your anti-
 ' ent freedom : but you are all recreants, and dastards ;
 ' and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them
 ' break your backs with burdens, take your houses over
 ' your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before
 ' your faces ; For me,—I will make shift for one ; and
 ' so—God's curse 'light upon you all !

9 *Clif. What say ye, countrymen ? &c.*] The variation in the original play is worth noting :

" Why countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,
 " What means this mutinous rebellion,
 " That you in troops do muster thus yourselves,
 " Under the conduct of this traitor, Cade ?
 " To rise against your sovereign lord and king,
 " Who mildly hath this pardon sent to you,
 " If you forsake this monstrous rebel here.
 " If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
 " Then haste to France, that our forefathers won,
 " And win again that thing which now is lost,
 " And leave to seek your country's overthrow.

" *All.* A Clifford, a Clifford.

[*They forsake Cade.*

Here we have precisely the same versification which we find in all the tragedies and historical dramas that were written before the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

' *All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.
 ' *Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
 ' That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
 ' Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 ' And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
 ' Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
 ' Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
 ' Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
 ' Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
 ' The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
 ' Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
 ' Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
 ' I see them lording it in London streets,
 ' Crying—*Villageois* * ! unto all they meet.
 ' Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
 ' Than you should sloop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
 ' To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
 ' Spare England, for it is your native coast:
 ' Henry hath money †, you are strong and manly;
 ' God on our side, doubt not of victory.
 ' *All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,
 ' and Clifford.
 ' *Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
 ' as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales
 ' them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave
 ' me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to
 ' surprize me: my sword make way for me ‡, for here is
 ' no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have
 ' through the very midst of you § and heavens and honour
 ' be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only

* —*Villageois* !] Old Copy—*Villiage*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.
 MALONE.

† *Henry hath money*,] Dr. Warburton reads—Henry hath *mercy*,
 but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which is
 to lure them from their present design by the hope of French plunder.
 He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them
 by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have
strength, and the king has *money*. JOHNSON.

‡ —*my sword make way for me*,] In the original play Cade em-
 ploys a more vulgar weapon: "My *staff* shall make way through the
 midst of you, and so a pox take you all!" MALONE.

' my

KING HENRY VI.

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* my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me
* betake me to my heels. [Exit.

* *Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
* And he, that brings his head unto the king,
* Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

* Follow me, foldiers; we'll devise a mean

* To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exit.

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET,
on the terrace of the Castle.*

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
* And could command no more content than I?
* No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
* But I was made a king, at nine months old³:
* Was never subject long'd to be a king,
* As I do long and wish to be a subject⁴.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and CLIFFORD.

* *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
* *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade sur-
prised?

³ — *I was made a king at nine months old:*] So all the historians agree.
And yet in Part II. p. 67, king Henry is made to say:

“ I do remember how my father said,” —
a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same
hand as this. BLACKSTONE.

⁴ — *to be a subject.*] In the original play before the entry of Buck-
ingham and Clifford, we have the following short dialogue, of which
Shakspeare has here made no use:

“ *King.* Lord Somerset, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?

“ *Som.* This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done to
death, and the city is almost sack'd.

“ *King.* God's will be done; for as he hath decreed,

“ So it must be; and be it as he please,

“ To stop the pride of these rebellious men.

“ *Queen.* Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,

“ The rebel Cade had been suppress'd ere this,

“ And all the rest that do take part with him.”

This sentiment he has attributed to the queen in sc. iv. MALONE.

* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of Cade's followers, with
halters about their necks.*

* *Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
* And humbly thus with halters on their necks
* Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

* *K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
* To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
* Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
* And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
* Continue still in this so good a mind,
* And Henry, though he be infortunate,
* Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
* And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
* I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mes.* Please it your grace to be advertised,
* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland
* And with a puissant and a mighty power,
* Of galloglasses, and stout kerns⁶,

⁵ *Then, heaven, &c.]* Thus, in the original play:

“*King.* Stand up, you simple men, and give God praise,
“ For you did take in hand you know not what;
“ And go in peace, obedient to your king,
“ And live as subjects; and you shall not want,
“ Whilst Henry lives and wears the English crown.

“*All.* God save the king, God save the king.” MALONE.

⁶ *Of galloglasses, and stout kerns,]* These were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish. See Dr. Warburton's note on the second scene of the first act of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

“The *galloglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limbe, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kern* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne [*Kigheyren*] signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke garde.” Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, Ch. 8. f. 28.

BOWLE.

* Is

- * Is marching hitherward in proud array ;
- * And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
- * His arms are only to remove from thee
- * The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
- * *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
distreil'd ;
- * Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
- * Is straitway calm, and boarded with a pirate⁷ ;
- * But now⁸ is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;
- * And now is York in arms, to second him.—
- * I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him ;
- * And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
- * Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
- * And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
- * Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
- * *Som.* My lord,
- * I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
- * Or unto death, to do my country good.
- * *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms ;
- * For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
- * *Buck.* I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
- * As all things shall redound unto your good.

⁷ *Is straitway calm, and boarded with a pirate :*] Thus the first folio, where alone this passage is found. The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been wholly unacquainted with Shakspeare's phraseology, changed *calm* to *claim'd*. The editor of the third folio changed *claim'd* to *calm'd* ; and the latter word has been adopted, unnecessarily in my apprehension, by the modern editors. Many words were used in this manner in our author's time, and the import is precisely the same as if he had written *calm'd*. See *King Henry IV.* "— what a *candy* deal of courtesy," which Mr. Pope altered improperly to—" what a deal of *candy'd* courtesy." See Vol. V. p. 142, n. 8, and 9.

By *my state* Henry, I think, means, *his realm* ; which had recently become quiet and peaceful by the defeat of Cade and his rabble. "*With a pirate,*" agreeably to the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, means, "*by a pirate.*" MALONE.

I believe *calm'd* [not *claim'd*] is right. The commotion raised by Cade was over, and the mind of the king was subsiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raise fresh disturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace. STEEVENS.

⁸ But *now* —] *But* is here not adverbative.—It was only *just now*, says Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed. MALONE.

* *K. Hen.*

SECOND PART OF

- * *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in^o, and learn to govern better;
 * For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's Garden^s.*Enter CADE.*

- * *Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a
 * sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days
 * have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out,
 * for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so
 * hungry, that if I might have a *fallet* of my life for a
 * thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on
 * a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see if
 * I can eat grass, or pick a *fallet* another while, which
 * is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather.
 * And, I think, this word *fallet* was born to do me good:
 * for, many a time, but for a *fallet*, my brain-pan² had
 * been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when
 * I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served
 * me

* *Come, wife, let's in, &c.*] In the old play the king concludes the scene thus:

- "Come, let us haste to London now with speed,
 "That solemn processions may be sung,
 "In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
 "And triumph of this happy victory." *MALONE.*

* *Kent. Iden's garden.*] Holinshed, p. 635, says: "—a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited for his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Suffex*, so that there he was slain at Hothfield, &c."

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage-direction. *Enter Jack Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Jack Cade lies down picking of beards, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

² — but for a *fallet*, my brain-pan, &c.] A *fallet* is a helmet. Minshieu conjectures that it is derived a "*salut*, Gal. because it keepeth the head whole from breaking." He adds, "*alias salade dicitur, a G. salade, idem; utrumque vero celando, quod caput tegit.*"

The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. In the Stat. 4 and 5 Ph. and Mary, ch. 2. we find—"twentie haquebuts, and twentie morians or *salets*." *MALONE.*

So,

- * me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the
 * word *fallet* must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

- * *Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
 * And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
 * This small inheritance, my father left me,
 * Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
 * I seek not to wax great by others' waining³;
 * Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy⁴;
 * Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
 * And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.
 * *Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for
 * a fray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah,
 * villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns
 * of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make
 * thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword
 * like a great pin ere thou and I part.
 * *Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
 * I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
 * Is't not enough to break into my garden,

So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*: "— One of the company seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *fallet*." STEVENS.

Brain-pan for skull, occurs, I think, in Wickliff's translation of Judges, xix. 3. WHALLEY.

³ — *by others' waining*;] The folio reads—*warning*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Is in the preceding line was supplied by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁴ *Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy*;] Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium I may incur in the acquisition, however great that odium may be. *Envy* is often used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. It may, however, have here its more ordinary acceptation.

This speech in the old play stands thus:

- " Good Lord, how pleasant is this country life!
 " This little land my father left me here,
 " With my contented mind, serves me as well,
 " As all the pleasures in the court can yield,
 " Nor would I change this pleasure for the court."

Here surely we have not a hasty transcript of our author's lines, but the distinct composition of a preceding writer. The versification must at once strike the ear of every person who has perused any of our old dramas, MALONE.

* And

‘ And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
 ‘ Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 ‘ But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was
 broach’d, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have
 eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five
 men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail⁵,
 I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

‘ *Iden.* Nay, it shall ne’er be said, while England stands,
 That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish’d man.

‘ Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine⁶,
 ‘ See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
 ‘ Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
 ‘ Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
 ‘ Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
 ‘ My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 ‘ And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 ‘ Thy grave is digg’d already in the earth.
 ‘ As for words, whose greatness answers words,
 ‘ Let this my sword report what speech forbears⁷.

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion
 * that ever I heard.—‘ Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
 * not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou

⁵ — as dead as a door-nail,] See *K. Henry IV.* P. II. A&V. sc. iii.
 [Vol. V. p. 429.] STEEVENS.

⁶ *Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine, &c.*] This and the follow-
 ing nine lines are an amplification by Shakespeare on these three of the
 old play:

“ Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,
 “ And every way as big: then hand to hand
 “ I’ll combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,
 “ And stand you all aside.” MALONE.

⁷ *As for words, whose greatness answers words,
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.*] For more words,
 whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall
 forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword. JOHNSON.

So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI*:

“ I will not bandy with thee, word for word,
 “ But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.”

More (As for more words) was an arbitrary and unnecessary addition
 made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God^s on my knees, thou
 may'st be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight. Cade falls.*
 O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me:
 let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
 but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.
 Wither, garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to
 all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd
 soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
 Sword. I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead⁹:

⁸ — *I beseech God*—] The folio reads—I beseech *Jove*. This heathen deity, with whom Cade was not likely to be much acquainted, was undoubtedly introduced by the editor of the folio to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. In the old play 1600, he says, “I beseech *God* thou might'st fall into some *smith's band*, and be turned to hobnails.” This the editor of the second edition of the quarto play, no date, but printed in 1619, changed (from the same apprehension) to “I would thou might'st fall,” &c. These alterations fully confirm my note on *King Henry V.* Vol. V. p. 556, n. 2.—Contrary to the general rule which I have observed in printing this play, I have not adhered in the present instance to the reading of the folio; because I am confident that it proceeded not from Shakspeare, but his editor, who, for the reason already given, makes Falstaff say to Prince Henry—“I knew ye as well as he that made ye,” instead of—“*By the Lord, I knew ye,*” &c. MALONE.

⁹ — *when I am dead*] How Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain. The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto:

Oh sword, I honour thee for this, and in my chamber
 Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
 For this great service thou hast done to me. STEEVENS.

Here again we have a single thought considerably amplified. Shakspeare in new moulding this speech, has used the same mode of expression that he has employed in the *Winter's Tale*: “If thou'lt see a thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.” i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a subsequent scene of the play before us:

“And dead men's cries do fill the empty air.”

Which of our author's plays does not exhibit expressions equally bold as “I will hang thee,” to express “I will have thee hung?”

I must just observe, that most of our author's additions are strongly characteristic of his manner. The making Iden's sword wear the stains of Cade's blood on its point, and comparing those stains to a herald's coat, declare at once the pen of Shakspeare. MALONE.

* Ne'er

- * Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
 * But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
 * To emblaze the honour that thy master got.
 'Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory;
 'Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; ~~for~~ I, that never fear'd
 'any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*
 * *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me¹, heaven be my judge.
 * Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
 * And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 * So with I, I might thrust thy soul to hell².
 'Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

¹ *How much thou wrong'st me,*] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

An anonymous writer suggests that the meaning may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his prowess, and declaring that he was subdued by famine, not by the valour of his adversary.—I think Dr. Johnson's is the true interpretation. MALONE.

² *So with I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be set upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this savage wish, and makes him only add, after the lines I have just quoted:

I'll drag him hence, and with my sword

Cut off his head, and bear it with me.

The player editors seem to have preferred want of humanity and common sense, to fewness of lines, and defect of versification. STEEVENS.

By *headlong* the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By saying, "the dunghill shall be thy grave," Iden means, the dunghill shall be the place where thy *dead body shall be laid*: the dunghill shall be the *only* grave which thou shalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. So, in *Macbeth*:

"———our monuments

"Shall be the maws of kites."

After what has been already stated, I fear it must be acknowledged, that this faulty *amplification* was owing rather to our author's desire to expand a scanty thought of a preceding writer, than to any want of judgment in the player editors. MALONE.

Unto a dunhill, which shall be thy grave;
 And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
 Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
 Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the body.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours: his forces at some distance.

YORK. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
 And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 To entertain great England's lawful king.
 Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword, or scepter, balance it³.
 A scepter shall it have, have I a soul⁴;
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter

³ — *balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

⁴ *A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;*] I read:

A scepter shall it have, have I a sword.

YORK observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that if he has a sword he will have a scepter. JOHNSON.

I rather think YORK means to say—If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a scepter. STEEVENS.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of these words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the sake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquiesce in it. But some difficulty will still remain; for if we read, with the old copy, *soul*, YORK threatens to "toss the flower-de-luce of France on his scepter," which sounds but oddly. To toss it on his *sword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in *H. Henry VI.* P. III:

"The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes."

However,